

Vol. I. No. 1.

THE
BRANKSOME SLOGAN



CHRISTMAS
MIDSUMMER

1909-1910

"QUEEN QUALITY"

A Shoe for Women of Taste

*Queen
Quality*



\$4.00

\$4.50

\$5.00

EASE WITH ELEGANCE

JUST a word to those who have been wearing homely, commonplace shoes for comfort, but with a regretful sigh for more fashionable and handsome styles. Our new "Queen Quality" Shoes will give you not only the comfort you must have, but also the style and refinement you want and ought to have. And you get these shoes at no higher prices than you pay for just ordinary good shoes.

TRY THEM THIS SEASON

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED

Sole Agents for TORONTO, CANADA.



Read "The Slogan"

AND GET YOUR

ARTISTS' MATERIALS

AT

The Art Metropole

LIMITED

149 Yonge Street

-

-

Toronto

STUDENTS TREATED LIBERALLY

***Trust It
To Us ...***

We'll clean your fine waists, gowns or suit as only experts can do it. Our improved French method does not harm the most delicate fabric, lace or embroidery. No ripping or taking the garment apart. Waists and gowns dyed.

Parker's Dye Works

787-791 Yonge St.,

TORONTO - - CAN.

Branch stores in leading shopping centres.

CHAS. POTTER 85 Yonge St.

C. B. PETRY, PROPRIETOR.

***Guard Well
Your Eyes***

Teachers and students make heavy tax on their eyesight, and should be quick to act if any impairment of vision shows itself.

The expert opticians of the Potter House will test your eyes by right methods and if glasses are needed will furnish those that will conform correctly with the results of the examination.

**Potter, Reliable Optician
TORONTO**

Coles

CATERER

AND

Manufacturing Confectioner

**719 Yonge Street
TORONTO**

INCORPORATED 1851.

Western

Assurance Company.

FIRE and MARINE

Head Office,
Toronto - - Ontario.

Assets - - - \$3,130,384.82

HON. GEO. A. COX, President
W. R. BROCK and JOHN HOSKIN,
K.C., LL.D., Vice-Presidents
W. B. MEIKLE, General Manager

BRANKSOME PENNANTS

We are continually originating new styles in pennants, with the result that you can always get something "a little different" from the others.

The "Seal" pennant is the most beautiful style that we have yet introduced, made in three sizes—18 inch at 50c; 24 inch at 75c; and 34 inch at \$1.25.

CUSHIONS

Our cushions are made in the official colors, with the seal of the College printed in color. Just the thing for "cozy corners" and "vacant spots" in your room, or sending as a souvenir, size 24 x 24 inches, filled with fine quality form, at \$2.50; same size, unfilled, \$2.00.

COLLEGE POSTERS

Every "Branksome" girl should have one of the new college posters. These are reproductions of college girls, and are hand-finished in Branksome colors, Price 50c each.

Harold A. Wilson Co., Ltd., 297-9 Yonge Street

SAVINGS ACCOUNTS SOLICITED

SUMS OF \$1.00 AND UPWARDS RECEIVED

INTEREST ALLOWED AT $3\frac{1}{2}$ PER CENT.
PER ANNUM

ACCOUNTS SUBJECT TO CHEQUE
WITHOUT NOTICE

INTEREST CALCULATED ON THE
DAILY BALANCE

CENTRAL CANADA
LOAN & SAVINGS CO.

26 King Street East, Toronto

ESTABLISHED 1840

BRANCHES IN ALL LEADING CITIES



The Nordheimer Piano & Music Co., Ltd.

15 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

WHAT CHRISTMAS PRESENTS ARE YOU SENDING ?

SOME SUGGESTIONS				Remember that the Best Books must be given—and this does not mean the most Expensive. Therefore call and look through our new, large and varied stock, or send for list of Christmas Gifts.
Remember Books are Best for Young and Old and are sure to please, not only for a few days, but for all time.	BIBLES Authorized. Revised. Teachers'. From 15c. to \$15.00	HYMN BOOKS Methodist. Presbyterian. New Church of England, &c., &c. From 25c. to \$6.00.	ANNUALS Most of the foremost English Annuals which make such excellent gifts. From 25c. to \$1.75.	
	ART CALENDARS 1910 Beautiful designs and colorings, at 5c, 10c, 15c, 20c, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, and \$1.50 each postpaid.	CHRISTMAS BOOKLETS Christmas Booklets, at 3c., 5c., 8c., 10c. and 15c. each.	CHRISTMAS CARDS 10 in box with envelopes, 25c, 35c and 50c per box postpaid. In packages of 1 dozen, 10c, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00 per package postpaid.	
	POETS All of the Popular Poets—in various Bindings. . From 75c to \$2.00.	<div>Please order early to save Christmas Rush, and ensure your having the best to select from.</div>		
	STANDARD SETS of all well-known authors in different bindings. 50c. per vol. upwards.			

WILLIAM BRIGGS, 29-37 Richmond Street West, TORONTO

THE BRANKSOME SLOGAN

VOL. I.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 1909.

NO. I.

A FOREWORD

The decision of the Executive of the Alumnae of Branksome Hall to publish a semi-annual paper has been favorably received by the members, and cordial support has been promised. It is to be hoped that the undertaking may serve important purposes, and well reward those who share the labor and responsibility.

A bond of sympathy and mutual helpfulness always exists among fellow-students, which grows stronger when school days are over, days around which, as the years go by, cluster so many pleasant memories, days when life-long friendships are formed. The paper is to serve as a medium of communication among the widely scattered members of the Alumnae, strengthening the bond to their Alma Mater, bringing them into touch with each other, giving opportunities of encouragement and assistance, enabling them to fulfil the divine command to sympathize with each other in joy or sorrow. Let us hope and pray that many noble lives may find a record in its pages.

Up to the close of school and college days, study has been directed by teachers and professors, and, as a rule, examinations have been an additional incentive. When these influences are no longer operative, reading too often becomes desultory, if not positively useless and frivolous. The Alumnae hope, by means of the paper, to assist in encouraging a judicious and systematic course of reading among the members, knowing that a taste for the best in literature once formed becomes a perennial source of happiness, that through good books we are placed "in contact with the best society in every period of history, with the wisest, the wittiest, with the tenderest, the bravest and the purest characters who have adorned humanity." "It is hardly possible but that the character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that the manners should take a tinge of good breeding and civilization from having constantly before one's eyes the way in which the best-bred and the best-informed have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other. There is a gentle but perfectly irresistible coercion in a habit of reading well directed, over the whole tenor of one's character and conduct, which

is not the less effectual because it works insensibly." The appositeness of these thoughts warrant the quotations.

It is hoped by the hearty co-operation of the Alumnae of the school to make the paper bright, interesting, and stimulating. With such noble objects in view, we may well wish the Executive "God-speed" in their undertaking.

Margaret F. Scott

EDITORIAL

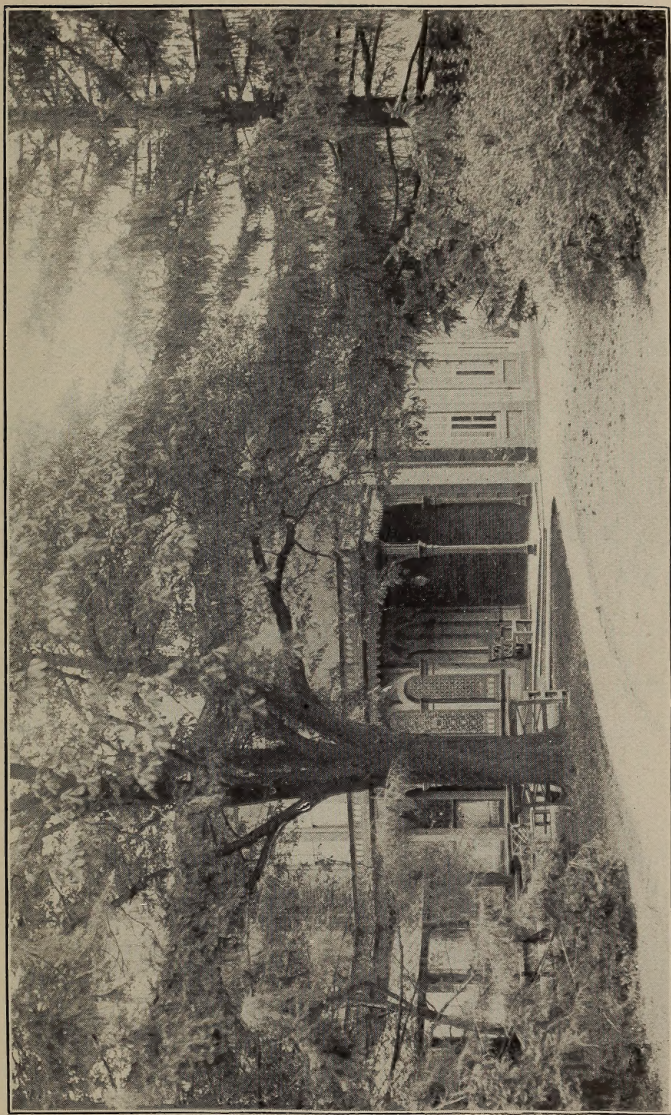
Our Alumnae Association is scarcely two years old, and has therefore few traditions to bind its members in that circle of devotion which older schools may possess, but lacking neither enthusiasm nor love of Alma Mater, it hastens to correct its chief fault and gather strength as its gains a respectable age. Youth is almost a reproach in a club; the united hands are untried and the enthusiasm and interest which have organized must still be proven of the heart. The steady and concentrated efforts of all the Alumnae are needed to establish worthy precedents and make the Association a credit to the principles and training of its school. We therefore wish to impress our readers with their individual responsibility, which sounds like preaching, but we do need the interest, no matter how little, so long as it is sincere and to be depended upon, of every girl in the meetings and the bi-annual publication which they have boldly undertaken.

* * * *

The college paper is rather time-worn, and outsiders may think it dull, but it is meant to convey to the widely scattered Branksomites bits of news, gossips and greetings without which out-of-town Alumnae might lose connection, not only with the school, but with troops of old companions whose faces will be all the brighter when they meet by chance all through their lives. Think of the number of people who drop out of mind, not from lack of interest in them, or by them, but from lack of a binding tie. When the gathering cry of Branksome is sounded, friendships may be renewed and school days harked back to lovingly.

* * * *

This is the first purpose THE SLOGAN serves, but perhaps among us there is genius hidden which, in the effort of publication, will out. Don't you think it worth while searching for literary and executive



BRANKSOME HALL.

ability, and setting our little candles on the very bushel's pinnacle? The work of the Association done in the meetings will naturally be of greatest importance, and it is hoped that in future it can be very fully reported to, and followed by, out-of-town girls, who perhaps may be tempted to arrange their visits to Toronto at meeting-time.

* * * *

Those who are not familiar with Scotch speech may consider the sound of the name we have chosen for our magazine uncouth, if not barbaric. However, we think it has a vigor and vitality which suggests order and fidelity, with the Scottish connection suitable to a paper from Branksome Hall. Perhaps we may not apply its meaning very closely to our own peaceful intentions—Branksomites in battle array, wildly brandishing slates and note-books, rushing with a weird Gaelic yell upon ranks of dull, red volumes might be the resulting picture—but in a broad sense the slogan of the Scots may safely apply to our wish and effort to gather all the friends of Branksome in close fellowship for good work and old times' sake.

* * * *

The Alumnae Association has been fortunate in having, in its first two terms, a President both competent and tactful, whose time has been liberally spent in the duties of her office, which, even in a small, simple organization, are surprisingly numerous and varied. Under her direction the meeting programmes have been ambitiously planned, and the outside business has had her promptest attention, as the Executive Committee in charge of this paper has good reason to know and appreciate.

THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

It has been very difficult to keep the out-of-town members posted in regard to the meetings of the Branksome Hall Alumnae Association, but it is very pleasing indeed to be able to say that the first year (1908-'09) was a great success. All the girls seemed to enter into the spirit of the Association, and we had a number of very enjoyable meetings. Our aim is, of course, to keep the girls together after leaving their much-beloved school, with all its pleasant memories, but to do this it is really necessary to have something else besides *social* meetings.

Last year we had some very good papers on different subjects read at the meetings. The subjects were varied. The first, on Frank Brangwyn, the artist, who is attracting so much attention in Europe at the present time, was decidedly interesting. Another was on

Chaminade, and several of the girls gave selections from her compositions on the piano. Then, at the March meeting, the centennial anniversaries of Gladstone, Mendelssohn and Lincoln made appropriate papers on their lives. Mlle. Compondu very kindly gave us a French talk on Switzerland at the May meeting, and it must have been gratifying to the governesses to see how much some understood, but, alas! very surprising to see how much others had forgotten.

In February the Association held a most enjoyable luncheon at the Tea Pot Inn, Yonge Street, at which there were about fifty of the members present. The absence of our much-loved Honorary President was regretted by all. After the luncheon a pleasant hour was spent, when the usual toasts were given. Miss MacCurdy, who is now in Los Angeles, California, replied to the toast to "The Old Staff" by a very interesting letter. Miss Geraldine Stephenson, of Winnipeg, wrote a letter responding to the "Out-of-Town Members." Several letters and telegrams were read by the Secretary, among which was a letter from Gladys Cross, of Penshurst, Australia, whose name is the first on the register of the school and is included in the membership of the Association.

One very informal little meeting that was held in April must not go without mention. We devoted most of the time to reading letters from some of our out-of-town members. It was interesting to hear from these girls, and we hope that they will continue to write this year. After the business was concluded at the First Annual Meeting last June we held a reception for the new members and the staff of the school, which all thoroughly enjoyed. At our meetings, after a programme of papers and musical numbers, we always spend some time in chatting with one another over the afternoon tea, and in this way, besides renewing old friendships, we are able to form new ones with the girls who have followed the earlier graduates.

This year we are starting with an idea to have a more systematic course of study for the literary meetings. For this we have chosen Robert Louis Stevenson and several of his best-known books. In doing so we hope to accomplish more than we could in wandering to different subjects, as we did last year. But, of course, we must have the co-operation of all the members to make this a success.

We might mention here how much we owe to Miss Macdonald and the other governesses for their great assistance in organizing this Association. They were always most willing to help us in every way possible, and the Executive Committee of the first year join me in thanking them. We all hope Miss Macdonald is regaining her strength, and that she will soon be with us once more, feeling benefited by her much-needed rest.

But, girls, this deals with the social side of our Association. We must not have any but the highest of ideals—let us strive for the best! always keeping in mind the thought, what the school and its honored Principal require of us, and do all we can to assist both in the work now being accomplished. Then, with this as a foundation, let us hope that this Association, little as it now is, may broaden and be of use and a credit to the school and the country we all love.

THE PRESIDENT.

THE ORIGINAL BRANKSOME HALL

This summer I had the privilege, which perhaps not all of you have enjoyed, of spending some time in the land immortalized by one of the greatest of all fiction writers. For, though to any reader of romances Walter Scott's land cannot be restricted to that comparatively small stretch of country bounded on one side by the liberties of Berwick, on the other by the Solway Moss and known to history as the Scottish Borders; we feel that it has a perfectly legitimate claim to be called the Scott country, for, in one crowning sense, it is Sir Walter Scott's land—the land of his nativity; the land consecrated by his life, his herculean labors, his joys, sorrows and death. This is the land which he knew best and loved most, and though it all must needs be to any lover of Scott intensely interesting, perhaps one of the most attractive parts to me was my visit to the original Branksome Hall.

As we were staying in Selkirk, which is a charming place situated right in the midst of this historical country, we had an excellent starting point for excursions to the many places of interest roundabout. It is, of course, an accepted fact that the roads of Great Britain are well-nigh perfect, and one can hardly imagine anything more delightful than gliding over mile after mile of these pavement-like roads with an ever-changing panorama unfolding around one, and with every turn bringing one to some new place interesting either in history or romance.

The day we chose for our trip to Branksome Hall was an ideal one—just the least bit warm (hot, our Scotch friends called it), the sky blue and cloudless, the air soft, and the leaves and grass green, as air is soft, and leaves and grass green, only in Scotland. We sped south, following the winding Teviot, past hills glowing with the purple of the heather, past fine old estates and ivy-covered towers, under the overhanging branches of the magnificent old trees, up and down the gently sloping hills until we reached Hawick. This is a busy little manufacturing town, about an hour's run from Edinburgh, and it is almost six miles from here that Branksome Hall is situated. We

stayed here some time for luncheon, but resumed our trip in the afternoon, and, when at last we drew up in front of the hall, I could hardly realize that this quaint old building was actually the Branksome which we had studied about at school. However, I stood up and declaimed dramatically(?) : "The feast was over in Branksome Hall, the Ladye had gone to her secret bower." The others wondered a little at my enthusiasm over this particular ancient pile, when the whole of their country is so thickly besprinkled with just as old and, apparently, just as interesting castles as this one. They decided that I must surely be a very keen admirer of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"—and so indeed I am, but they didn't know (how could they, being Scotch, and unlearned in the manners and customs of this country) that Branksome Hall had been made famous, not only by the poems, but by its flourishing namesake in Canada.

I gazed at the old building, and tried to imagine the Ladye gliding up the winding stair to "the tower she guarded by word and by spell"—the irreverent thought struck me that she must have been fearfully cold when she got up there, for these towers are remarkably draughty places. But perhaps she kept herself warm "by word and by spell" too. Who knows? The hall is built well back from the road. It is set high, and can be seen above the row of elms which fringe the estate by the side of the road. "Four grey walls and four grey towers, overlook a space of flowers, and the silent wall embowers"—probably some ordinary, everyday Scotch lord and his family!—whereas it used to embower the Ladye with her knights and squires and pages! Such an anti-climax! But travelling is full of such anti-climaxes. To visit an old feudal tower, famed perchance in story, and find, instead of clanking armor and clashing swords, a vegetable garden in the moat! Or to go to a castle where the King of Scotland lived for centuries, and find in the banqueting hall some horrid soldiers cleaning their boots—that is death to romance. Many things may be romantic, but cabbages and modern soldiers certainly are not. For this reason it is a bit disappointing to visit these places, which books have made familiar to us, and find them not at all what our vivid imagination has pictured, but then it gives one a much more real interest in one's reading to have seen these places. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" can never seem the same to me since I have seen Branksome and Newark Tower; and "The Lady of the Lake" has quite a new charm since passing Ellen's Isle and the spot where Fitzjames and Roderick Dhu fought their famous duel. As a school-girl is said to have remarked, after visiting the graves in Westminster Abbey, "They seem quite real to me now, for they must have lived or they couldn't have died." So at Abbotsford and at Ayr one feels

that Scott and Burns must indeed have lived, and though, perhaps, the "Ladye" was but a creature of Scott's imagination, still Branksome Hall is there, a very tangible reality. I couldn't help feeling glad that I was connected, if not with *it*, at least with its namesake here, and I echoed the response given to the school toast at our luncheon last year, "Here's to Branksome Hall; not so famous as Scott's Branksome, but it's not our fault if it isn't."

JEAN C. MAC TAVISH.

THE LADY OF THE LAMBS

She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.
Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white;
She guards them from the steep.
She feeds them on the fragrant height,
And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,
Dark valleys safe and deep.
Her dreams are innocent at night;
The chastest stars may peep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,
Though gay they run and leap.
She is so circumspect and right;
She has her soul to keep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

—ALICE MEYNELL.

My three little nephews, aged respectively six, four and three years, like all other little children, waken early in the morning, and sometimes while away the time by telling stories. One morning Archie, the four-year-old, began: "Once upon a time dere were three chickens." "What were their names?" interrupted the eldest. "Chicken Bloth," proposed the Baby. "Plailie Chicken," suggested Archie, and "Plailie Pire," added the Baby. So those three names were unanimously approved—Chicken Broth, Prairie Chicken and Prairie Fire. It is not hard to guess in what part of Canada these children live.

ONE NIGHT

The car took me to the door, and I climbed a flight of steps so high that it was a matter of surprise to find no angels descending. No! angels never ascended those steps nor were admitted into that wholly delightful but common New York house. Surely the house was twelve feet wide and twelve times as high. My first idea was "stairs." Stairs from dining-room to office, stairs from office to sitting-room, stairs from sitting-room to bedroom. Not wide, palatial stairs. Ah, no! What would be the use of wide stairs? Space means money. Therefore they are one foot wide. Woe to him who exceedeth that horizontal measurement.

The night of my arrival was less disturbed than seemed natural, but all night long there was the thundering of the elevated and surface cars, and in the intervals horrible, blood-curdling shrieks of an infant in agony. I lay petrified, while there rose in my mind stories of cruelty to children in this huge city. I had a vision of a poor, abandoned baby, lying in the cold on an opposite doorstep, and determined to heroically rescue it. I rose and lifted the blind. Babies faded from my mind. There, on top of a high wooden fence, silhouetted against the brightly-lit back door of a saloon, were numberless black spirits, with hooped backs and glaring eyes, stalking purposefully up and down, and sending forth the most heartrending shrieks to disturb the slumbers of the just as well as unjust.

Quietly I crawled into bed, and was lured to slumber by the strains of "Take me out to the Ball Game," played by the German band in the afore-mentioned saloon. I finally sank into oblivion, misquoting:

"Oh! soft embalmer of the still midnight
Shielding with careful fingers and benign
Our gloom-pleased eyes, embowered from the light,
Enshaded in forgetfulness divine."

AUSTRALIA

Australia is so extensive that many of us, who live in the more settled parts, know very little about it as a whole. Living in Victoria, where settlement is fairly close, and where there is a good system of railways, one is inclined to forget the vast stretch of country in other States, which is scarcely opened up. Indeed, in parts the Aborigines live almost undisturbed. Of course, there are sections where the rainfall is so scarce as to make the land unfit for occupation, but there is much good country lying undisturbed, which will eventually be settled and turned to account when the surplus population of other continents finds its way there.

Australia is chiefly a pastoral country at present, and land is judged by its carrying capacity for sheep and cattle on the natural grasses all the year round. There is rich land worth £100 per acre, and poor land held under pastoral lease from the Crown at 5 shillings or 10 shillings per 1,000 acres per annum, and which will carry a sheep to 10 acres. In country of the latter class, stations of from 500,000 to 1,000,000 acres are quite usual.

Our country is often called "The Land of the Golden Fleece," and rightly, because the greater part of the revenue springs from wool and gold. From some stations "out back," perhaps a hundred miles from a town, wool has to be carted a long distance to the railway. This takes place once a year, and it is by the return waggons that the year's rations are brought in. The waggons are pulled by teams of bullocks, powerful but slow, and the drivers are famed for the strange language they use in addressing their teams.

The Aborigines or "black fellows" still remaining in Australia are mostly in the north-west, called the Kimberley district, the northern territory and the north of Queensland. These hot and unhealthy sections are almost uninhabited by white men, who fear the malaria and ague; but the rainfall is good, and the country capable of great development. There has been much in our papers about "Our Empty North" and the fear of invasion by Chinese or Japs.

The Riverina, in New South Wales, and many other parts of Australia are level stretches of country, usually without a sign of trees, but sometimes interspersed with a belt of timber every few miles, or a sandhill with a few pines. From this you may conclude that the soil is poor and the grass scarce for sheep-raising, except in a rainy season. Many men have been ruined gambling with the seasons.

Victoria is the smallest of the five States, but perhaps the richest. A warm and genial climate characterizes the colony, called by the early explorers "Australia Felix," on account of its beauty and fertility. Gold, however, was the "creator" of Victoria. In 1850 valuable gold-fields were discovered, and the usual rush followed. In time the alluvial gold gave out, and people's thoughts turned to other ways of gaining wealth. Towns and industries sprang up, and people spread over the whole State.

The land was found to be suitable for pastoral purposes, and sheep and cattle were brought over from Tasmania and successfully bred. The larger stations have gradually been cut up and sold for purposes of closer settlement, till now very few of more than 10,000 acres remain.

My home is in West Victoria, where the land is very rich, and, besides yielding large quantities of potatoes and onions, is suitable

for dairying, and many graziers, my father among the number, lease part of their land to dairy farmers. The dairy farms consist of a few hundred acres. One or two hundred cows are milked night and morning, and the cream is taken to a butter factory, or cheese-making is carried on on the premises. There is much hard work, but profits are sure where there is seldom fear of drought.

In the north-west and Wimmera districts, agriculture predominates, and when a good year comes the yields of wheat are enormous and the farmers prosper. This district, however, is subject to droughts, which last sometimes for years, and thousands are ruined. The crops won't grow, horses die, there is no water, and families almost starve.

Although Victoria is comparatively cleared of "bush," yet in the north-eastern portion and in Gippsland there is an over-abundance of timber. There are forests of enormous gum trees and lesser trees, and fern gullies are plentiful. The climate in this continent is so varied that nearly every plant will grow, but the native vegetation is peculiar to Australia. The trees most prevalent belong either to the non-deciduous families—Eucalyptus, which includes all gum trees, and Acacia, which includes all wattle trees. Wattle trees have lovely golden blossom in the form of little round fluffy balls massed together, and these emit a strong, agreeable perfume.

We have no snow in Australia, except in the very highest parts (Australian Alps, Mt. Kosciusko, 7,000 feet). Though there may be an occasional light fall elsewhere, it never lies. Many Australians have never seen a real snowstorm such as you rejoice in. Consequently we grow flowers all the year round, and even the tiniest cottages revel in their beautiful gardens blazing with the colors of roses, carnations, chrysanthemums, narcissus and many others attractive in their season.

The early settlers in Australia had no fierce animals to contend with, their chief enemy being the "black fellow." The largest animal is the kangaroo, found only in Australia and some islands of the Pacific. Then there is the opossum, one species of which hangs by its tail to the branches of trees; the native bear, which is harmless; and the dingo, or wild dog. Another peculiar animal is the duck-billed platypus, which is web-footed, has a bill like a duck, and is amphibious. Its young are hatched from eggs, but it is also a mammal.

We have an abundance and variety of bird life. Parrots, paroquets and cockatoos, all brilliantly plumaged, are numerous. The bell-bird is famed for its call, which resembles the sound of a bell. The lyre bird owes its name to the fact that its sixteen tail feathers are arranged in the form of a lyre. Among songsters the magpie is a type. His song is musical and cheerful, and when one hears a goroke chorus a sunny day may be expected. The kookaburra, or laughing jackass,

caricatures the laugh of man. He lives on snakes, and as our snakes are nearly all very poisonous, we feel friendly towards him. The mopoke and curlew both have dismal cries. The former says mopoke, or "more pork," over and over monotonously. The curlew has a very shrill, penetrating cry. Among the larger birds is the emu, a brown gray bird, smaller than the ostrich, the ibis, the wild turkey and the black swan. This last may be seen in many swamps, and is very stately and graceful.

Among the Grampian mountains, some forty miles from here, there is undisturbed "bush." A profusion of wild flowers, heaths white, pink and purple, cover the ground. A tiny creek from the hills murmurs sleepily along between banks embowered in ferns; gum trees whisper, the wattles softly sigh in answer, the glossy leaves shimmer; a bird calls, perchance a beady-eyed lizard stares in silent wonder at the intruder, standing alone among the sounds and silences and the indescribable loneliness of the Australian bush. He is very close to the heart of Mother Nature, old and wise, whose laws and plans vain, foolish Man seeks so often to undo.

Australia.

G. M. CROSS.

CHARACTER IN HORSES

Late one spring afternoon I was riding home from school on my velvet-footed Cricket, when, as we rounded a bluff, his ears pricked up and his step quickened. A broad ravine was before us, and on the far side a dozen horses were grazing. Cricket was so interested that the flock of prairie chickens, usually startled at this point, failed to frighten him. That danger over, I, too turned my attention to the horses. "If our horses were amongst those," I thought, "that black one with his head up would be Coalie"—Coalie, the most sociable and kindly of horses, would be first to notice a stranger.

On we came, Cricket in a hurry, I rather nervous. As we drew near, all the horses looked up and moved inquisitively towards us; all save one. Again I said mentally, "If our horses were here, you, you unsociable creature, would be my Dick." Almost as the thought formed in my mind, the haughty little head raised slowly, gave one long, cool stare at Cricket, then continued cropping the grass. There's only one Dick in the world, and at close range one couldn't mistake him. I looked again at the black horse and laughed aloud. Coalie and Dick, straying around with a neighbor's horses, had forced themselves upon my notice, each by his most pronounced characteristic. Not one of the others had I noticed.

JEAN M. ROSS.

LOST

Lost! Ah, but that word doesn't mean anything at all until you've really been lost, even if it is only six in the evening and a mile or two from your destination.

It was all Dick's fault that I ever found myself in such a plight, and as Dick is a little bay pony which cannot speak for himself, I can tell my story without fear of contradiction.

One fall day I started from home immediately after dinner on a sixteen-mile ride to school. I forgot, indeed, how short the days were becoming, and how long we had chatted over our noonday meal, and in this happy state of forgetfulness I did a very wise thing—took a new trail over which I had been driven once.

The first four miles of the way I knew perfectly, and the next two passed like a flash, for an acquaintance was riding out the same road, and little Dick puts forth his swiftest paces when he has equine (?) company. But when our paths diverged, and Dick and I settled down for the ten miles straight south, all his enthusiasm evaporated. If I touched him with the whip he would bounce into a half-hearted gallop, shake it out into a trot, and slow down into a walk, all in six times his own length. This was very tiresome for us both, and it was quite a rest for him sometimes to stop altogether and nibble the grass beside the trail.

So we proceeded seven or eight miles, until I suddenly noticed the sinking sun and informed Dick that we must hurry. Dick, being a very wise little horse, knew that I meant it, and dropped his dawdling ways. At this rate we would be there in twenty minutes or so—but, behold my trail, without any warning, spread out fan-like before me; it was a choice of three.

When I want an inexhaustible subject on which to talk, I shall choose the in-fallow-bility of trails. At present all I can say is that, all positions being relative, and not knowing exactly where I was, I didn't know quite where I wanted to go; neither could I guess which of the serpentine trails before me would finally wind up at my destination; so I chose the middle course and urged Dicky on. The trail dipped into a black-looking hollow behind a bluff. "Too dark for me, I'll strike south and find my usual trail," thought I. "When in doubt, never change trails," would be as possible a proverb as "never change horses crossing a stream." Trails just have a way of moving right out of the country as soon as your back is turned. I couldn't find my usual route, nor could I find again the one I had deserted. Finally I came to a standstill, knee-deep in rustling brown prairie grass, dusk settling all around me, peeping stars overhead, and nothing to tell me where to go.

In that locality it is very bluff, and the little islands of trees obstruct the view. Besides, every other section is company land, not yet sold; and of the homesteading sections, three out of every four quarters were taken up by bachelors. Being the fall and threshing-time, practically all of those men's shacks would be deserted, so that I might easily be a mile or two from anyone, and sometimes a mile is a *very* long way.

Dick was a most irritating companion. On his back I had to urge him constantly; walking, I had to drag him. He knew quite well that I didn't know where I wanted to go, and he was well pleased with the grass where he was. However, he was better than nothing, and we worked along in what I judged was the right direction, when presently I saw a light—a big, pale light in what, I was sure, was *not* the right direction.

It was a long way off, but I couldn't bear to lose sight of it and be in the dark once more. Yet it puzzled me, because it was so big and pale. Suddenly I understood, and turned to go back—but didn't. Pough—pough—pough sounded breathily and lazily across the quiet prairie, and a light column of smoke accompanied the giant's breathing. A threshing outfit it was, and that light came from a caboose or cook-car. The day was a public holiday, and the engine had not been working, yet the men were on hand for an early morning start.

At last, after much halting, I made my way, leading Dick, up to a knot of men and asked them the way to Mr. G——'s. And here I got the biggest surprise of all. All the group, evidently from a distance, referred me to Jake, who, leaning against a gate-post, told me to follow this trail (I wasn't on one) for some indefinite distance, passing all other trails till I came to a wire fence on the right. This I was to follow (direction not stated) till I came to Mr. G——'s corner. This I was to recognize by intuition.

That's the only man of his kind I ever met in the west, but I had run across him at an inopportune time for me. One of the other men lighted a lantern and guided me up the trail, and said that now I would get there all right.

After what seemed ages I did come to a fence, but on the left. As a fence encloses a space, I might have spent the night dragging Dick around it. I pulled him a little way round in each direction, but knew it was waste time, so I had to put my pride in my pocket and turn back to the threshing outfit. I could be sure of finding that, for the engine was now whistling frequently.

But my troubles were just at an end. I saw a moving light and made for it with frantic haste, shouting as I drew near. The light began to move rapidly towards me, and voices said: "Wait, we're

coming for you." They were four of the threshermen, who had been on the cook-car when I came up, but they had set out as soon as they heard of the gallant assistance "Jake" had rendered. "We knew you'd get lost again," growled young Norwegian Carl, as he tramped ahead with the lantern. No! I've never been lost again.

JEAN ROSS.

GIRLS OF '09-'10

We hope, in the future, to rouse the interest of the present girls—the girls who will shortly swell the numbers of the *Alumnae Association* and gradually take their place on the executive of the paper. For this reason it is necessary to have a section set aside for them, and for future numbers we earnestly solicit contributions.

List of House Girls, '09:

Marcia Allen—Toronto.
 Marjory Busteed—Vancouver.
 Gladys Blumenthal—Montreal.
 Gertrude Booth—Pembroke.
 Grace Cameron—Riverside, California.
 Dorothy Code—Perth.
 Ethel Craig—Toronto.
 Grace Campbell—Chatham.
 Kathleen Chipman—Toronto.
 Agnes Campbell—Minesing.
 Dorothy Chaplain—St. Catharines.
 Reda Fullerton—Brockville.
 Jean Fleck—Ottawa.
 Elizabeth Green—Riverside, California.
 Florence Graham—Ottawa.
 Ethel MacKenzie—Japan.
 Florence McLurg—Sault Ste. Marie.
 Jessie McCleary—Thorold.
 Barbara Munro—Winnipeg.
 Jean McLeod—Winnipeg.
 Betty Masson—Ottawa.
 Marjorie Norris—Ottawa.
 Bessie Storey—Brockville.
 Florence Taylor—Gananoque.
 Lennie Macdonald—Dawson City.
 Lily Thompson—Dawson City.
 Shirley Gendon—Bronte.
 Ethel Trees—Toronto.
 Audrey Little—Walkerville.

HOUSE NOTES

SPORTS, '08-'09.

Athletic Association, '08-'09.

Officers: Hon. Pres.—Miss Read.

Pres.—Lorraine Irwin.

Vice-Pres.—Florence Taylor.

Sec.-Treas.—Grace Morris.

Mgr. of Basket Ball.—Florence Taylor.

The sports made great progress last year. Early in the fall four basket-ball teams were formed, three of which were day girls' teams and the other a house team. The house girls won the trophy, which was an ebony and silver shield.

We had fall and spring tennis tournaments. Jean Fleck won the singles in both cases, Marjorie Morris and Jean Fleck the doubles in the fall, and Florence Hamilton and Jean Fleck in the spring. There were also two very good tennis matches with Havergal in the spring. The first was played on the Havergal courts and the second at Branksome. Jean Fleck played in the singles, and Florence Hamilton and Edith Kelk in the doubles. Havergal won both times, but our girls played splendid games.

Last winter there were four hockey teams. The house team, of which Helen Cantley was captain, won the tournament.

March the 6th was Ice Sports' Day. We had the Mutual Street Rink for the forenoon. First, there were different kinds of races, for which small prizes were given; and later there was a hockey match between house girls and day girls, which resulted in a tie.

We owe to Miss Read, our Honorary President, the success of our sports. It was she who was our enthusiastic and encouraging leader, our referee, manager and general helper.

SPORTS, '09.

Athletic Association, '09:

Officers: Hon. Pres.—Miss Read.

Pres.—Jean Fleck.

Vice-Pres.—Florence Taylor.

Sec.—Marjorie Morris.

Mgr. of Basket Ball.—Barbara Munro.

On going to print, neither the fall tennis nor basket ball tournaments were finished.

On Wednesday, October 27th, a basket ball match was played at Havergal. The opposing team played a very swift and scientific game, and won. The Branksome team, however, took their defeat in

a very sporty manner. The return match is to be played on the Branksome court, Wednesday, November 3rd, when we are all hoping to put up an even better game, and make the Havergal players work harder still.

We have great hopes for our sports in the coming year, and the girls are already looking forward to hockey with Havergal.

Beta Kappa, '08-09:

Officers: Hon. Pres.—Miss Macdonald.

Pres.—Jean Mickleborough.

Vice-Pres.—Helen Cantley.

Sec.—Grace Morris.

Convener of Music Com.—Reda Fullerton.

Councillors.—J. Fleck, K. Perry, L. Irwin.

Leaders of Debates.—L. Aitken and F. Taylor.

There was one evening on “Longfellow,” which was very pleasant and instructive. The next was on “Chopin.” Papers on his life and his works were read by Jean Fleck and Loraine Irwin. Afterwards Miss Mitchell favored us with a number of selections from his compositions.

The next evening was taken up with a very interesting debate as to whether “Departmental stores are a benefit to the community.” The negative side won.

Two weeks later four girls debated on the right of the North American Indian as the sole possessor of the soil. The negative proved that he should not have the sole right. Three of the girls then gave “Three Little Maids.”

The last literary meeting was the most successful and altogether the best meeting of the year. Miss Macdonald took complete charge of the programme, giving a very interesting talk on the life and works of Dr. Wm. Henry Drummond, and read several selections from “The Habitant” and other of his works.

As Miss Macdonald is known to all the readers, it is only necessary to say that as our Honorary President she fulfilled the office in an unsurpassable way, giving not only her ideas and suggestions, but also her time, to the society.

Beta Kappa, '09:

Officers: Patroness.—Miss Scott.

Hon. Pres.—Miss Ramsay.

Pres.—Florence Taylor.

Vice-Pres.—Marjory Busted.

Sec.-Treas.—Agnes Campbell.

Convener of Music Com.—Reda Fullerton.

Councillors.—G. Booth, L. Thompson, B. Masson.

At the first meeting of the Beta Kappa, the old girls entertained the new girls with a Shadow Play and Tom Thumb, after which refreshments, kindly supplied by Miss Scott, were served.

The Annual Masquerade, under the auspices of the Beta Kappa, was given on the evening of October 29th. It is almost needless to say that it was enjoyed to the full by the many girls, whose bright and interesting costumes were shown to advantage in the grand march at the beginning of the evening. Then eight girls danced a minuet. The costumes were very pretty, and the way the ladies wielded their fans and the gentlemen their swords was surprising and delightful. It was a great success. The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing, telling fortunes and trying our luck in a fish pond. Refreshments were then served, and a most enjoyable evening came to a close.

FLORENCE TAYLOR.

THE SONNET OF A SEASICK SOUL

By J. M.

(With all due apologies.)

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
 Man marks the earth with ruin, his control
 Stops with the shore. Upon thy boundless plain
 He lies and feebly mutters "Life is vain,
 Why did I ever try to cross the main?"

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
 Shouldst thou dry up, 'twould leave an awful hole,
 But then we'd cross to France in cars and cabs,
 Picking our way amongst the whales and crabs,
 And stop at some nice wreck for toast and tea;
 Now what a pleasant transit that would be!

Oh! for the days, when on an aeroplane
 We'll cross with ease from Canada to Spain,
 From there to Egypt, Italy and France,
 Then home by way of the North Pole perchance—
 Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, do!
 I can't see why they think so much of you,
 But those who lightly praise thee never must
 Have left the sweet security of the dust;
 For had they e'er been on thy bosom tossed,
 Much of our finest poetry had been lost.

CO-EDS

As this initial number of THE SLOGAN is a gathering of the Branksome clan, it would not be complete without a greeting from those few members who are now treading the path to knowledge mapped out in the University. Many and engrossing as our interests are, we wish to assure our fellow-members that our interest in Branksome Hall is never lagging, owing to the care-free days spent there. None welcomed the formation of an Alumnae as heartily as we, for we knew it would preserve a tie which would otherwise have been severed.

Some of our absent members may be interested in knowing how their higher educationists are progressing. At the present time there are twelve enrolled as regular students in University College and one as an "occasional" in French. One of these can already see the end of four valuable, happy years of college life, as she expects to graduate in the spring. Four others are now enjoying the third year, which, in many respects, is equal to the fourth, for a junior has almost all the privileges of a senior without the responsibilities and extra labor. Four of the remaining seven have passed the first bewilderingly pleasant stages and are now complacent sophomores, satisfied with themselves and life in general. Last, but not least, come the three freshettes, who are the most fortunate of all, just beginning four years which they can make the happiest of their lives. We, one and all, unite in wishing THE SLOGAN every success, and hope that each year may have a still larger representation of the Branksome Alumnae at University College.

L. C. G.

Fourth Year....L. Christine Graham.

Third Year.....Ruth Winchester.

Irene O'Neil.

Mary Blain.

Janie Williams.

Second Year....Isobel Thomas.

Greta Playter.

Reta Chestnut.

First Year.....Laura Aitken.

Alice Anderson.

Elfreda Cory.

In an English class at Heidelberg University the professor asked one studious youth to conjugate the verb "to have" in the sentence "I have a gold mine." The student rose and with serious mien proceeded: "I half a golt mine; Thou hast a golt thine, He has a golt hiss, We half a golt ourss, You half a golt yours, They half a golt theirs."

PERSONALS

Old Girls visiting the school find missing two faces which were centres of the most pleasant memories of the first years at Branksome Hall. When first Miss MacCurdy left there went with her recollections of violent struggles connected with "Themistocles, Neoclis filius, Atheniensis"; squares on the hypotenuse of a triangle; ladder-against-the-wall problems, etc. Still, we remembered the gentler arts while Miss Macdonald was there ready to help us farther onward, but she, too, is away this year, earning a well-deserved rest from the nerve-racking duties of governess in a ladies' college. The patience they both had with us, even in our most wilfully irritating moods, we realize and appreciate now fully, and can thank them all the more lovingly for the time, thought and care they gave us unstintingly. The Alumnae Association cannot be grateful enough to Miss Macdonald for her assistance in the past year. She has been so interested and helpful, and ever ready with advice and suggestion. Indeed, it is through her that this paper has become a reality.

Miss MacCurdy is living in San Francisco, but all letters addressed to her home, Onslow Station, Nova Scotia, will be forwarded to her. Miss Macdonald is living with her brother at 117 Frederica Street, West Fort William, Ont.

Miss Reid and Mlle. Compondu spent the summer abroad, the latter visiting her home in Switzerland, and Miss Reid travelling on the Continent.

Miss Jean McTavish was abroad with her father last summer, and is now living at 570 Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

Miss Alice Fortune, of Winnipeg, an enthusiastic golfer, was successful in winning four cups last summer.

Miss Lily Shannon has charge of the Choral Class at Branksome, and we may feel sure of its success.

Miss Maud Banning, of Chatham, is visiting in California.

Miss Gladys Brock and Mr. Edward Martin were married in Winnipeg last June.

One of the prettiest of October weddings took place in Peterborough, when Miss Mollie Meldrum was united in marriage to Mr. Ernest Green. They are living at 133 Yorkville Avenue, Toronto.

Miss Edith Anderson, Miss Mary Elliot and Miss Gladys White made their debut at the Governor-General's ball in Winnipeg last October.

Miss Marjorie Weller, of St. Catharines, has returned home after an enjoyable trip on the Continent.

Miss Muriel Robertson is teaching piano at Havergal Ladies' College, Toronto.

Miss Marjorie Hopkirk and Miss May Chown, of Kingston, are continuing their studies at Queen's University.

The marriage of Miss Abbie Morrison to Mr. Frank Allan took place at St. Augustine's Church, Toronto, on October 6th, '09.

Miss Marion Phin, of Galt, has returned to her home after spending the summer in Portland, Ore.

Miss Jean Mickleborough, of St. Thomas, was in Toronto for a few hours on her way to Winnipeg, where she is to spend the winter.

Miss Geraldine Stephenson, of Winnipeg, has been visiting in Chatham.

Mrs. Hillary, formerly Elsie Taylor, of White Horse, is living in Skagway, Alaska.

Miss McKay has returned from abroad, but is not teaching at Branksome, much to the regret of the girls. She is now living in Montreal.

Miss Jean Ross has made her home in Strassburg, Sask., and is teaching school there.

Miss Katie Maclaren has been at the Eastbury School for Girls, Watford, Hertford, England, for the last two years, but has now returned to her home, 292 Frank Street, Ottawa.

Miss Edith Mason is now living in Vancouver, at 1796 Sixth Avenue, Fairview.

Miss Kathleen Eaton, of Port Hope, is going to Philadelphia to live.

Mrs. Harvey Gordon (née Thelma Lester) is living at 921 Bathurst Street, Toronto.

Mrs. Leslie Victor Smith (née Edith Ellis) has returned to the city after spending her honeymoon in England, and intends to board at Windermere Hall, Jarvis Street.

Miss Laura Aitken and Miss Greta Playter are at Varsity now and in residence at Queen's Hall.

Miss Helen Cantley was abroad last summer.

Miss Annie Bryson, of Ottawa, attended the Macdonald Institute at Ste. Anne's, Quebec, last year.

Miss Mary Hannah is studying at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, Mass.

Miss Margery Kilmer is continuing her musical studies, and passed the Senior Pianoforte at the University with 1st Class Honors.

Miss Eloise Phillips was at Macdonald Hall, in Guelph, in 1907.

Mrs. Douglas Fraser, Jr., whom many of the girls remember as Marie Junkin, is living at present in the Nanton Apartments, Nanton Avenue.

Miss Jean Morton is visiting in Scotland this winter.

Miss Marguerite Thompson, of Dawson, is studying music in New York.

Miss Constance Macdonald is living in Toronto, at 321 Jarvis Street.

Miss Ruth Winchester was in the West all summer, teaching school at Tantallon, Sask.

Miss Hilda Rutherford is continuing her piano and vocal studies in the city.

Miss Fotheringham is another Branksomite at Varsity. She is now in her third year in medicine.

Miss Vera Smith was married in July, 1908, to Mr. Frank Follett, and is now living at 72 Roxborough Street E., Toronto.

Miss Mina Jenkins graduated last year from Grace Hospital, Toronto.

Three of our girls are training for nurses: Miss Florence Bradfield in the Sick Children's Hospital, Toronto; Miss Marie Thompson in the Presbyterian Hospital, New York; and Miss Bessie Turner in the Royal Victoria, Montreal.

Miss Madele Pearson and Mr. Louis Brophy were married last June, and are living in the city at 311 Avenue Road.

IN MEMORIAM

The school has suffered a sad loss in the death of Miss Florence Merrick, who passed away on November 9th of last year, in Kingston. Miss Merrick was Associate Principal of Branksome Hall from its commencement, and by her bright, cheerful and refined manner, her tactful kindness, her taste and good judgment, and the true nobility of her Christian character, she endeared herself to all with whom she came in contact. She will long continue to be an ideal to the pupils of past years.

READING CIRCLE OF ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION OF BRANKSOME HALL

With the object of assisting those of our pupils whose actual school days are over to prosecute studies at home, a course of reading has been devised, and is herewith presented for consideration.

The period popularly known as the Elizabethan Era has been chosen, not only as providing a wealth of material unparalleled in the annals of England, but as forming, in a true sense, the beginning and the inspiration of our modern English literature.

The course of study will naturally commence with careful consideration of the HISTORY of the period, for it is in the light of the conditions of the time that authors and their works are, in the first instance, rightly understood. In this connection it is suggested that the members of our reading circle begin with Chapter VII. of Green's "Short History of the English People," and supplement the sketch therein contained from the works of Historians who devote particular attention to the Elizabethan Era. It is important that the students feel the aspirations of an awakened people, and realize the eagerness for conquest, the sense of freedom, and the strength of loyalty that characterized the people of England at that age. BIOGRAPHY also, as presented in such a work as the "English Men of Action" series, will still further help the students to realize the spirit of the age.

This historical course, however, would be quite inadequate without some investigation as to the condition of the masses of the people. Such a work as Traill's "Social England," Vol. III., will enable the students to obtain an intelligent grasp of the social conditions of the time as manifested in the manners and customs, the occupations and recreations, and moral and religious standards.

Books of history and biography will naturally be supplemented by such historical ROMANCES as Walter Scott's "Kenilworth" and Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" These contain within them the spirit, and indeed much of the detail, of history, and make the period to be living and full of meaning.

Knowledge of the period through books of History, Biography and Romance will naturally be followed by study of the HISTORY of the LITERATURE. Reliable accounts of the lives of Edmund Spenser, Shakespeare and their literary contemporaries will provide the necessary information. A clear statement will be found in the admirable article on Elizabethan and Jacobean literature in the revised edition of "Chambers' Cyclopaedia of English Literature."

In the light of this the works of Spenser, Shakespeare and other writers of note of the period will be invested with a new interest and

charged with a deeper meaning. One, at least, of the plays of Shakespeare ought to be carefully studied during the year.

As the history of Scotland was so closely connected with that of England at this time, especially through the association of Mary Queen of Scots with England, it is to be desired that some corresponding knowledge of the religious, political and literary history of Scotland be attained.

It is not expected that all the books mentioned will be read by every member of the reading circle, or that the students confine themselves to those specially indicated. Miss Scott will be glad to receive suggestions as to books treating of this period, with the names of authors and publishers, which have been found to be interesting and helpful.

Members of the Alumnae Association who are unable to attend the monthly meetings are invited to send reports of books read in connection with the course, and to communicate helpful suggestions.

LIST OF BOOKS RECOMMENDED.

Green's Short History of the English People.—*Chapter VII.*

Froude's Reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Creighton's Queen Elizabeth, and Age of Queen Elizabeth.

Court and Times of Queen Elizabeth, by Lucy Aiken.

The Great Lord Burleigh, by Martin S. Hume.

The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth, by Martin S. Hume.

English Men of Action: Drake, Raleigh.

English Men of Letters: Bacon, Sydney, Spenser, Shakespeare.

Traill's Social England.—*Vol. III.*

Collier's History of English Literature.—*The Third Eve.*

Wm. Winter's Shakespeare's England.

Agnes Strickland's Life of Mary Queen of Scots.

The Girlhood of Mary Queen of Scots, by Jane T. Stoddart.

Scott's Kenilworth, and The Abbot.

Kingsley's Westward Ho!

Miss Yonge's Unknown to History.

Henty's Under Drake's Flag.

Mrs. Barbould, in her 82nd year, to Maria Edgeworth: "I believe you will allow that there is not much new, or animating, or inviting, to be met with at my age. For my part, I only find that many things I knew I have forgotten; many things I thought I knew I know nothing about. Some things I know I have found not worth knowing; and some things I would give—oh! what would one not give to know? They are beyond human ken."

THE BRANKSOME SLOGAN

Executive of the Alumnae Association

<i>Honorary President</i>	- - - - -	Miss Scott
<i>President</i>	- - - - -	Gladys L. Stark
<i>1st Vice President</i>	- - - - -	Nora Wilson
<i>2nd Vice-President</i>	- - - - -	Margery Kilmer
<i>Secretary</i>	- - - - -	Olive Kinnear
<i>Assistant Secretary</i>	- - - - -	Marjory Brodie
<i>Treasurer</i>	- - - - -	Alice Unsworth
<i>Executive Committee:</i> Annabel Auld, Rita Chesnut, Jean Mac-Tavish, Laura Aitken, Alice Anderson.		

Executive of the Branksome "Slogan"

<i>Editor</i>	- - - - -	Theresa L. Goldie
<i>Assistant Editor</i>	- - - - -	Daisy Robertson
<i>Business Manager</i>	- - - - -	Ethel M. Ames
<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>	- - - - -	Muriel Robertson
<i>Cover Design</i>	- - - - -	Edith Clarkson

CONTENTS

	PAGE
A FOREWORD - - - - -	Miss Scott - 5
EDITORIAL - - - - -	- - - - - 6
THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION - - - - -	The President - 7
THE ORIGINAL BRANKSOME HALL - - - - -	Jean MacTavish - 9
THE LADY OF THE LAMBS - - - - -	- - - - - 11
ONE NIGHT - - - - -	- - - - - 12
AUSTRALIA - - - - -	Gladys Cross - 12
CHARACTERS IN HORSES - - - - -	- - - - - 15
LOST - - - - -	Jean Ross - 16
THE PRESENT GIRLS - - - - -	- - - - - 18
HOUSE NOTES - - - - -	- - - - - 19
THE SONNET OF A SEASICK SOUL - - - - -	- - - - - 21
THE CO-EDS - - - - -	- - - - - 22
PERSONALS - - - - -	- - - - - 23
IN MEMORIAM - - - - -	- - - - - 25
READING CIRCLE OF ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION - - - - -	- - - - - 26

NOTICES

The Branksome SLOGAN is published bi-annually—Christmas and Midsummer.

Subscriptions, 25c per copy, are payable to the Business Manager, Miss Ethel M. Ames, Glen Stewart, Kingston Road, Toronto.

Contributions from Girls Past and Present will be gladly welcomed by the Editor, Miss Theresa L. Goldie, "The Gore," Ayr, Ont.

SWAN BROS.,

Wholesale and Retail Grocers.

162, 164, 166 King St. East

TORONTO

TEA, COFFEE, BUTTER, OUR SPECIALTIES.

ALL KINDS OF

**Christmas and Holiday Fruits
and Poultry**

CANNED GOODS AND GROCERIES OF ALL KINDS IN
ANY QUANTITY.

REEDS

All sizes.

RAFFIA

All colors.

PLASTICINE

The Perfect Modelling Material
for Artists, Schools and Home.
Write for sample.

We have the most complete stock
in Canada of all lines of

EDUCATIONAL SUPPLIES

THE

Geo. M. Hendry Co., Ltd.

20 Temperance St., Toronto, Ont.

THE
Mutual Life

INSURANCE CO.,
of New York

OLDEST STRONGEST
IN THE
AMERICA WORLD

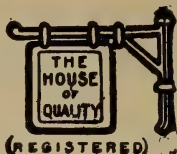
No company more economically
managed to-day.

ASSETS. 1909 DIVIDENDS.
\$539,038,968.13 \$11,692,282.38

For full particulars regarding the
annual dividend policies, address

Walter B. Peace,

Cor. Queen and Victoria Streets,
Toronto



Fairweathers

FURS

**Most Practical and
Appropriate for
Christmas Gifts.**

**Made in Our Own Work-
rooms for People Who
Demand Exclusive Style
and Absolutely Depend-
able Quality.**

*Our Showrooms are always open
to Visitors whether a purchase is
intended or not.*

WRITE FOR FUR
CATALOGUE "M"

**FAIRWEATHERS
LIMITED**

84-86 Yonge Street, TORONTO



Exclusive Designs IN CLASS PINS

“Ryrie” Class Pins are in a distinct class by themselves.

They are manufactured only from exclusive and original designs—the work of our own artists.

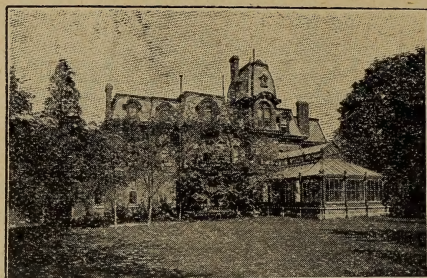
Class Pins purchased from us cannot be duplicated elsewhere—and yet they cost no more than the “ordinary kind.”

Only the finest grade materials are used—and the workmanship and finish are perfect.

Write for Designs

Original designs, with estimates, will be forwarded upon request.

RYRIE BROS., LIMITED
134-136-138 Yonge St.
TORONTO



BRANKSOME HALL

102 BLOOR STREET EAST
TORONTO

A Residential and Day School for Girls

Preparation for University and for Examinations in Music. Well-equipped Art Department. Thoroughly efficient Staff. Large play-grounds. Healthful locality. Primary School for Day Pupils.

THE STAFF

MISS SCOTT, Principal, formerly Principal of the Girls' Department of the Provincial Model School, Toronto.

REV. ALEXANDER MacMILLAN, Special Lecturer in History and English Literature.

MISS FREDA COLE, B.A. (Toronto). First-class honors in English, French, German, Italian, and History.

MISS EDITH M. REID, B.A. (Dalhousie). Honors in pure and applied Mathematics; A.B. (Radcliffe); M.A. (Dalhousie).

MISS MARY G. MILLICHAMP, B.A. (Toronto). Honors in English, French, German, Italian, History.

MISS LOUISE MURRAY, M.A. (Toronto). Honors in English, French, German. Graduate of the Faculty of Education.

MISS MARY RAMSAY, Cambridge Higher Local—Honors in History. Three First Class Certificates, University College, London—English Language and Literature. Registered Teacher—Teachers' Registration Council.

MISS JEAN HUME. University of Toronto.

MISS VIOLET ROBINSON, University of Toronto. Late of Mrs. Chapman and Miss Jones' School for Girls, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia.

MISS MARY JOHNSTON. Senior Leaving Certificate. Graduate of Toronto Normal School.

MADEMOISELLE JEANNE COMPOUNDU. Gymnase de Lausanne.

FRAULEIN JOHANNA NOTHNAGEL, Hamburg, Germany. Diplomee. State Examination for Teachers.

MISS HELEN MacMURCHY, M.D. (Toronto). Consulting Physician. Lecturer on Physiology and Hygiene.

MRS. H. B. SOMERS, Director of Physical Culture. Teacher of Physical Culture in Normal and Model Schools, Toronto.

MISS E. K. WESTMACOTT, late Head of the Art Department of the Technical School, Toronto. Teacher of Designing.

MISS EMILY H. LEACOCK. Teacher of Drawing.

For Prospectus Apply to MISS SCOTT.

A. E. AMES & CO.

LIMITED

Investment Agents

GOVERNMENT,
MUNICIPAL, and
CORPORATION BONDS

INVESTMENT SECURITIES SUITABLE
FOR ESTATES AND PRIVATE
INDIVIDUALS ALWAYS
AVAILABLE

*Monthly List of Investments Mailed
on Request*

7 and 9 King St. East
TORONTO - CANADA

THE METROPOLITAN BANK

HEAD OFFICE - - TORONTO

Capital Paid-Up - - - - - \$1,000,000

Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits - 1,277,404

S. J. MOORE	PRESIDENT.
D. E. THOMSON, K.C.	VICE-PRESIDENT.
SIR W. MORTIMER CLARK, K.C.	THOMAS BRADSHAW.
JOHN FIRSTBROOK.	JAMES RYRIE.
W. D. ROSS, GENERAL MANAGER.	

Every Banking Facility Offered to All.
Nine Branches in the City of Toronto.
Savings Bank Department in connection with each Branch.

Gained Over \$1,000,000^{.00}

The Record for 1908 of the
Canada Life Assurance Company

MORTALITY DECREASED . . .
RATE OF INTEREST INCREASED
EXPENSES WERE REDUCED . .

THE RESULT: In 1908 the Canada Life
earned over \$1,000,000.00 Surplus, the
greatest gain in the Company's history.

H. C. COX.

46 King St. West, TORONTO